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most extraordinary *vox-humana* stop). The contract price was 200,000 francs (£8,000); but we were informed that it actually cost more. It contains 70 real stops, 4,600 pipes, and three rows of keys (manuals 54 notes each); 2 octaves of pedals, and 9 *pedales de combinaison* (composition pedals), one of which makes octaves *below* of all the notes touched—one at least of the diapasons has 4 pipes to each note, and there is a *furniture* of 7 ranks. There are 5 pairs of bellows. The effect of hail, when a storm is imitated, is made by stones and sand, or something of that nature, enclosed in a wooden oblong case which turns on a pivot.

The last organ built by Monsieur Cavaillé-Col, was that for the Church of *S. Vincent de Paul* at Paris, which was opened in February, 1852. It contains 46 stops, and 2,639 pipes, 3 rows of keys, 2 octaves of pedals, and 12 *pedales de combinaison*; amongst the stops are *viol de gamba*, *hautbois*, *cor-anglais*, *basson*, *flûte harmonique*, *clarionette*, *trumpette harmonique*, *voix humaine*, &c. It was performed upon at the opening by Monsieur *Lefebvre-Trety*, the admirable organist of the Madeleine.

THE FAIRIES IN NEW ROSS.

THERE lived, some thirty years since, in the eastern part of the suburbs of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, denominated the "Maudlins," a hedge carpenter named Davy Hanlan, better known to his neighbours by the sobriquet of "Milleadh Maide," or "Speilstick." Davy plied his trade with all the assiduity of an industrious man, "and laboured in all kinds of weather" to maintain his little family; and as his art consisted principally in manufacturing carts, ploughs, and harrows (iron ploughs not being then in use), for the surrounding farmers, and doctoring their old ones, the sphere of Davy's avocations was confined to no mean limits.

It was a dry, sharp night, in the month of November, and darkness had set in long before Davy left Mount Hanover, two miles distant from his home. At length he started forward, and had already reached the bridge of the Maudlins, when he stopped to rest; for besides his tools he carried a bundle of wheat straw, which he intended for a more than usually comfortable "shake-down" for his dear rib Winny. The moon had by this time ascended above the horizon, and by its silvery radiance depicted in delicate outline the hills rising in the distance, while the tender rays mixing with, and faintly illumining the gloom of, the intermediate valleys, formed a mass of light and shade so exquisitely blended as to appear the work of enchantment. As Davy leaned on the parapet of the bridge, a thrill of alarm involuntarily disturbed his feelings: he was about to depart when he heard a clamorous sound, as of voices, proceeding from that part of the valley on which he still gazed. Curiosity now tempted him to listen still longer, when suddenly he saw a group of dwarfish beings emerging from the gloom, and coming rapidly towards him, along the green marsh that borders the Maudlin stream. Poor Davy was terror-stricken at this unusual sight; in vain he attempted to escape: he was, as it were, spell-bound. Instantly the whole company gained the road beside him, and after a moment's consultation they simultaneously cried out, "Where is my horse? give me my horse!" &c. In the twinkling of an eye they were all mounted. Davy's feelings may be more easily imagined than described, and in a fit of unconsciousness his tongue, as it were mechanically, articulated "Where is my horse?" Immediately he found himself astride on a rude piece of timber, somewhat in shape of a plough beam, by which he was raised aloft in the air. Away he went, as he himself related, at the rate of nine knots an hour, gliding smoothly through the liquid air. No aeronaut ever performed his expedition with more intrepidity; and after about two hours' journeying the whole cavalcade alighted in the midst of a large city, just as

"The iron tongue of midnight had told twelve."

One of the party, who appeared to be a leader, conducted them from door to door, Davy following in the rear; and at the first door he passed them the word, "We cannot enter, the dust of the floor lies not behind the door." Other impediments prevented their ingress to the next two or three doors.

At length, having come to a door which was not guarded by any of these insuperable sentinels which defy the force of a fairy assault, he joyfully cried out, "We can enter here;" and immediately, as if by enchantment, the door flew open, the party entered, and Davy, much astonished, found himself within the walls of a spacious wine-store. Instantly the heads of wine vessels were broken, bungs flew out, the carousing commenced, each boon companion pledged his friend as he bedewed his whiskers in the sparkling beverage, and the was-sail sounds float round the walls and hollow roof. Davy, not yet recovered from his surprise, stood looking on, but could not contrive to come at a drop; at length he asked a rather agreeable fairy who was close to him to help him to some. "When I shall have done," said the fairy, "I will give you this goblet, and you can drink." Very soon after he handed the goblet to Davy, who was about to drink, when the leader gave the word of command:

"Away, away, my good fairies, away!"

Let's revel in moonlight, and shun the dull day."

The horses were ready, the party mounted, and Davy was carried back to the Maudlin bridge, bearing in his hand the silver goblet, as witness of his exploit. Half dead he made his way home to Winny, who anxiously awaited him; got to bed about four in the morning, to which he was confined by illness for months afterwards. And as Davy "lived from hand to mouth," his means were soon exhausted. Winny took the goblet and pledged it with Mr. Alexander Whitney, the watchmaker, for five shillings. In a few days after a gentleman who lived not twenty miles from Creywell Crenony came in to Mr. Whitney's, saw the goblet, and recognised it as being once in his possession, and marked with the initials "M.R.," and on examining it found it to be the identical one which he had bestowed, some years before, on a Spanish merchant. Davy, when able to get out, deposed on oath before the Mayor of Ross (who is still living) to the facts narrated above. The Spanish gentleman was written to, and in reply corroborated Davy's statement, saying that on a certain night his wine-store was broken open, vessels much injured, and his wine spilled and drunk, and the silver goblet stolen. Davy was exonerated from any imputation of guilt in the affair, and was careful, during his life, never again to rest at night on the Maudlin bridge.

Notes and Queries.

HOPE.

THE ancients raised temples to Hope. Some Roman medals represent her under the figure of a young girl, holding a flower in her hand. In bas-reliefs, also, she is sometimes seen leaning with her right hand upon a column, and the other bearing poppies and ears of corn. Sometimes she is winged.

Niecamp affirms, that in the Tamoul language there is no word which expresses the idea of hope; but this is a statement which we can hardly believe. He cannot have searched enough, or he would have found one. There is no nation that does not live on hope and desire. There is no existence so miserable that it does not conceal in some obscure corner the small bright light which shines under the heavy weight of all the evils at the bottom of Pandora's box.

This allegory of Pandora is one of the most beautiful with which Hope inspired the old poets. Hesiod borrowed it from one of the most ancient traditions of Asia. Hope, always young, is, like Love, as old as the world.

Another poetical idea of the ancients, was making Hope the sister of Sleep, who eases our pains, and of Death, who ends them. This has been beautifully embodied by Voltaire in the *Henriade*. The sentiment of hope is one of the most delicate

and most ideal in our inner life, so that there is hardly any poet who has not celebrated it. Spenser, in the "Fairy Queen," represents her as a young girl, pleasing to look upon, clothed in a light garment, her beautiful hair confined by a network of gold, and wet with dew, which she sprinkles upon those who follow her. Cowper speaks of her as flying on mighty wings to the garden of Paradise, where she plucks never-fading flowers, and scatters them in the path of weary

Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—



FROM A PAINTING BY ANNIBAL CARRACCI.

mortals in garlands like those that bind the brows of the glorified spirits in heaven. Campbell sings her praise in grander strains than any,—

"And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way.

That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer."

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!"

Our engraving is taken from a painting by Annibal Carracci, in the Louvre.